IN THE SOUTH.

A little gray swallow,
I fled to the vales
Of the nightingales,
And the woods of Apollo.
Behind me lie the sheer white cliffs, the hollow
Green waves that break at home, the northern gales,
The misty skies, the homesteads in the dales—
For all my home is far and cannot follow.

O nightingale voices,
O lemons in flower,
O branches of laurel!
You are all here; but, ah, not here my choice is!
Fain would I pluck one pink-veined bloom of sorrel,
Or hear the wrens build in a hazel bower.
—A. Mary F. Robinson in Magazine of Art.

A Fortune Sifted From Ashes.

"I know a man," said a cable car passenger, "who came to Chicago three years ago when he was just of age, without a dollar. He hired out to a butcher and delivered meat from a basket, which he carried on his shoulder. It was hard work and the young countryman didn't get fat on it, but he kept his eyes open and resolved to improve the first opportunity to better his condition. As As butcher boy he went much into alleys and back yards and there noticed that the ash piles which came from the house stoves had a good deal of coal in them. He bought a handcart with his savings, resigned from the butcher shop and went around and made arrangements with householders to draw their ashes away. His charges were surprisingly low and by hard work he managed to earn a dollar and a half a day in this way.

"But this was only half of his earnings. He rigged up a sieve, through which he screened all the ashes he hauled, and the coal thus secured was worth about $1.50 more. He then went into the business on a larger scale, hiring laborers and furnishing them carts and rigging up a large screen, where load after load could be dumped. He has boys to pick out the cinders and clinkers and wagons to haul the coal away and sell it. He now hauls unsifted ashes away for nothing, but charges for removing sifted ashes. A good many people who used to sift their ashes don't do it now, saving themselves the trouble and getting the refuse hauled away for nothing. That butcher boy is making about $3,000 a year.—Chicago Herald.

A Man of Mush Wardrobe.

One exquisite youth, who lives not 1,000 miles from New York, and whose soul is bound up in waistcoats and neckties, is here, sorting his twenty pairs of boots and getting his wardrobe in order for the summer campaign. Last August he was thrown head over heels out of a dog cart on the ocean drive. They picked him up half senseless, and were trying to discover the extent of his injuries, when, true to his instincts, he gasped faintly: "Oh, nevah mind me! See to my tile and my trousahs!"

He persuaded his mamma to enroll herself among the cottagers here, which, after much urging, she consented to do, stipulating that she should have no care or worry about the housekeeping until he agreed to take it off her hands. So he haunted the shops last season to find bargains in the way of tea and sugar, and convulsed the tradesmen by his elegant ignorance. One day two ladies, who were making some purchases in a grocer's shop, were suddenly astonished at hearing a voice say in a languid drawl: "I want some of that stuff to put in soup—looks like worms, dontcher know!" and, turning round in unrestrainable curiosity, they beheld this famous specimen of the genus dude, and, furthermore, had the pleasure of seeing him invest in a pound of flour, which he ordered sent home, together with the stuff that looked like worms. However, this is an exceptional case.—Newport Cor. Boston Herald.

Viewing Himself Done in Wax.

I saw Jay Gould read a panel advertisement that had just been placed in a museum in wax. His eyes returned to the placard repeatedly, and it was clear that his mind was on the subject. He had been accustomed for years to seeing himself portrayed in likeness and caricature, but to be done in wax was a new sensation. At the Twenty-third street station hangs a signboard of the museum, which is close by, and on a sudden impulse, apparently, Gould quit the train on seeing it. Evidently he was going to examine his effigy. I hastily followed him. We put down our half dollars simultaneously at the entrance. Gould went in timidly, but the hour was too early for general visitors, and we two were the only persons there aside from the attendants.

He passed from one exhibit to another quickly, neglecting monarchs, murderers and other celebrities until he came to a figure labeled "Jay Gould." It was not a firstrate counterpart presentment by any means, and it had a bold, staring countenance instead of the reticent, abnegatory one of the original. Gould viewed it from all sides for about three minutes, then glanced around to find that his inspection had not unhappily drawn a crowd, and returned to the railroad.—"Uncle Ben's" New York Letter.

Fate of a Female Bull Fighter.

The Torera Benita del Amo then sat on a chair in the middle of the arena and calmly awaited the onslaught of a fresh animal. In the twinkling of an eye she was caught on the bull's horns and was tossed high into the air, falling stunned to the ground. This was the most deplorable part of the performance, and no more serious accidents occurred. The quadrille of men instantly attracted the bull's attention from his prostrate prey, and the woman was quickly sprinkled with water or vinegar, and rose apparently uninjured from the ground. Her light clothes were torn to shreds.

Frutos repeated the chair movement, but, more adroit than the woman, he nimbly sprang aside before the bull could bear down on him, and just escaped a terrible horn thrust. Six bulls in all were let loose during the afternoon. The woman's performances were great failures, and the local journals call upon the authorities that the principals in this brutal pastime may at least be confined to men, if bull-fighting is to be continued at Nismes.—Nismes Letter.

The Luck of the Figure 7.

The marriage certificate of Grover Cleveland and Frances Folsom shows that the former is 49 years old and the latter 21. As we all know, "figures do not lie," and as we have learned from the alchemists, the figure 7 is particularly lucky. Now, if one reflects that the bride's age is three times seven and that the groom's age is seven times seven, and that the difference between them is four times seven, he will see how lucky they ought to be.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Two Places of Great Interest.

A member of congress is reported to have said to some of his constituents who were sightseeing in Washington: "Go first to the Smithsonian institution, where you will see all that God ever made; go thence to the patent office, where you will see all that man ever made."—Exchange.

Peach trees thirty-two years old still bear profusely at Levyville, Ga.

Jealousy is the apprehension of superiority.—Shenstone.

The Electro-Magnetic Locomotive in 1851.

Professor Page made a trial trip with his electro-magnetic locomotive on Tuesday, April 29, 1851, starting from Washington. The progress of the locomotive was at first so slow that a boy was enabled to keep pace with it for several hundred feet. But the speed was soon increased, and Blandensburg, a distance of, I believe, about five miles and a quarter, was reached in thirty-nine minutes. When within two miles of that place, the power of the battery being fully up, the locomotive began to run, on nearly a level plane, at the rate of nineteen miles an hour, or seven miles faster than the greatest speed heretofore attained. This velocity was continued for a mile, when one of the cells cracked entirely open, which caused the acids to intermix, and, as a consequence, the propelling power was partially weakened. Two of the other cells subsequently met with similar disaster.

The professor proceeded cautiously, fearing obstructions on the way, such as the coming of cars in the opposite direction, and cattle on the road. Seven halts were made, occupying in all forty minutes. But, notwithstanding these hindrances and delays, the trip to and from Bladensburg was accomplished in one minute less than two hours. The cells were made of light earthenware, for the purpose of experiment merely, without reference to durability. This part of the apparatus could therefore easily be guarded against mishap. The great point established was, that a locomotive on the principle of Prof. Page could be made to travel nineteen miles an hour. But it was found on subsequent trials that the least jolt, such as that caused by the end of a rail a little above the level, threw the batteries out of working order, and the result was a halt. This defect could not be overcome, and Prof. Page reluctantly abandoned his discovery.—Ben: Perley Poore.

When Bill-Boards First Came Into Use.

Bill-boards came into use as articles upon which announcements and proclamations were pasted in London about the year 1740. A man by the name of Loomis, who had been a street crier, obtained permission from the authorities to erect on vacant lots a number of boards, upon which he placed the official advertisements of the city and received a small stipend from the municipal authorities for the service. The erection of these boards and the matter placed upon them of course attracted the attention of the populace, and they were constantly surrounded by crowds reading the announcements. This fact struck the fancy of a Jew clothier as being an admirable plan to get an advertisement of his goods and place of business before the people, and he applied to Loomis for permission to have his proclamation pasted on the same board with the official announcements. Loomis being under the direction and in the pay of the city authorities could not agree to this proposition without consulting his superiors, and this was done.

The council debated long and seriously over the matter, and at last gave their consent on the condition that the Jew pay the city so much a year for the privilige. This was agreed to, and the bill-board and its covering was brought into existence as one of the necessities of commerce. The Jew's example was followed by other merchants, and as Loomis received a commission on all the new contracts made for bill-board work, he soon did a flourishing and profitable business, and his boards could be found in every quarter of the city. The idea being new and novel, spread as such things do, and it was not long until the bill-board was found in every civilized country. Columbus (Ohio) Capital.

"I Sent My Boy to College."

"I sent him off to college." "I sent him off to college." That is the epitome of damnation of thousands of boys. "I sent him off to college." Now, sir, you strike me at a point where I am ready to say this: It is a question in my mind whether I will ever send one of mine to a college or not. "Yes," you say, "you are opposed to education." No, I ain't; but I'd rather my boy would sit down in heaven to learn his A B C's than sitting down in hell reading Greek. I tell you my congregation, if I had a good boy who was loyal to God and the right, I might trust him at college; but if I have got a wayward, dissipated boy I will never send him to college to get shut of him. You have made a mistake as long as eternity to do so. There is many a man who has sent his boy to college because he did not know what else to do with him. You had better lure that boy to steal something and send him to the penitentiary. That is my judgment.

If he is no account the penitentiary is about as safe a place as a college, because he will not only dissipate but ruin every other decent boy he meets there. Let him practice on convicts if you want him to ruin somebody. Boys, let us be a comfort and consolation to mother.—Rev. Sam Jones.

Famous Mr. Eads as a Bit of a Boy.

When about 10 years old his father fitted for him a small workshop, and there he constructed models of sawmills, fire-engines, steamboats, steam-engines, electrical and other machines. One of the pastimes of his childhood was to take in pieces and put together again the family clock, and at 12 years he was able to do the same with a patent lever watch, with no tools but his pocket-knife. When 13 misfortune overtook his father, and he had to withdraw from school and work his own way.—Popular Science Monthly.

Transmission of an Electric Current.

Recent experiments in France show that the transmission of an electric current over a distance of fifty miles was effected with a loss of only 50 per cent. of the force with which it started on the journey. The current was a tremendous one, but no difficulty ensued from heating of the wire or the dynamo.—Chicago Herald.

Three or four new motors have been introduced on the market, to be operated by water, compressed air and gas.

ART STUDENTS HARD AT WORK.

Copying from a Life Model—Remaining Motionless for Nine Hours.

Away up in the top story in a room littered up with screens and plaques and busts of Apollo Belvedere and Venus de Milo, and Venus with one arm gone, where a plaster of paris cast of Socrates lays over sideways against a chromo of Gen. Grant, between 9 and 10 the other evening were seated a class of thirteen young ladies and gentlemen with lapboards in front of them, on which were large sheets of paper, and in their right hands they held crayons, or sticks of charcoal. A pendent gas-jet from the ceiling above shed a strong but sickly light on the pupils, who were arranged in a circle around a nude model. Stretched upon a 10x12 foot table, only eighteen inches from the floor, in a reclining position, lay a man hatless, coatless, shoeless, pantless, with nothing on save a short pair of bathing trunks.

There was not a word spoken. The pupils had all green shades over their eyes. But the model? He was as motionless as a statue. He looked steadily at some object near the clock. Not a muscle twitched. In his right hand he held a long pole, on the top of which was a fringe. His left hand lay on a sort of pillow.

It was no easy job. It looked easy, but not one in a thousand could keep so everlasting quiet. The model poses for one hour, then rests fifteen minutes, then takes the same position for another hour. Yesterday the model had done extra duty. He had remained motionless for nine hours on the hard wooden table, with nothing but a coarse sheet between his bare flesh and the board. The model was a finely-formed, athletic man, a laborer by profession, glad to earn a dollar for two hours posturing for the Art School life art class. There are a dozen others in the city who sit as models, though, strictly speaking, there are no professional models in the city.

In answer to an inquiry concerning the pupils, Professor Noble replied:

"They are each and all earnest people, who are studying for a purpose. Yonder is a man engaged at Strobridge's who earns $100 a week; others are already art teachers; others are learning to be fresco-painters; there is one book-keeper who wants to be a professional artist, another a decorator, and so on."

"Can any one go in the live class?"

"Oh, no. Our school is graded, not according to the desire of the pupil, but to his ability. When he applies here we place the pupil in the department that it belongs to. Those in the live class are all advanced pupils."

"How do they work?"

"First they locate the different parts of the body—block out the form, as it were—secure the proper proportions; next they begin at the head, and finish it in detail. They do not begin at the head or any other part of the body and finish that first."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Peculiar Hysterical Mania in China.

A form of hysterical disease or mania is prevalent among adult males at Changehow, China. The patient acquires the impression that his abdomen is inhabited by some animal, often a rat, whose excursions cause violent pain. Unheard-of efforts are made to expel the intruder, and often the savings of a whole family for a lifetime are wasted on bonzes, sorcerers, doctors, and other quacks in hope of obtaining relief for the sufferer. It is reported that in many cases death occurs from suffocation in the course of a violent convulsive paroxysm. The patient leads a double life, marked by the use of two voices of different timbres. As a rule his disposition alters in correspondence with the change of voice. Morally and mentally he is a different being in the two states. Whatever occurs during the period betokened by the unnatural voice is totally forgotten during the normal period.—Chicago Times.

An Almost Inexhaustible Supply.

Now that the northern forests have been greatly depleted attention is being directed southward where there is an almost inexhaustible supply of just such woods as have grown scarce in the north. While the area of white and black walnut, especially the latter, is not large, there is a vast amount of yellow pine which has recently become so popular as an ornamental as well as a useful timber; and the sweet-gum, to which little attention has been directed until recently, will take a prominent place among the ornamental woods. It is very fine-grained, and therefore capable of a high finish, and from the fact of its being plentiful and easily worked will be widely utilized.—Globe-Democrat.

Through Mongolia and Thibet.

Col. Prejevalsky's facts throw Jules Verne's fancies into the shade. This famous Russian traveler has fought his way through Mongolia and Thibet with a party of seventeen soldiers and a host of other attendants, spent 43,000 rubles, killed 400 people who barred his way, given a number of Russian names to places nominally in the dominions of the empire of China, and shown the portrait of the White Czar to enraptured crowds of Mongolians longing to be taken under his protection.—Chicago Tribune.

Packing Cut Flowers in Boxes.

The English florists have a peculiar method of packing cut flowers in boxes. The box is furnished with a number of hooks all around the sides, and the flowers are fastened to the hooks with strings, thus rendering it impossible for the flowers to be crushed against the sides of the box. Damp cotton wool is used in England to protect cut flowers, but American florists prefer tissue paper, except in the coldest weather.—Chicago Journal.

Why Whittier Prefers Yellow.

Mr. Whittier says that yellow is his favorite color, because he can always distinguish it, while the red apples and green leaves on a tree all look alike to him, as far as color is concerned.—Exchange.

The coal fields of the Powder River country have been burning since 1870.

THEIR PET NAMES IN PRINT.

Authors Who Have Made Their Entree Under Noms de Plume.

[Chicago Herald.]

The practice of writing under an assumed name, said one of the attendants at the public library to a reporter, has been made use of from the earliest times. Authors, from modesty or other reasons, have hidden their identity by using fictitious names. The story of Beowulf, the first known composition in English, was written anonymously, and the custom is still a common one with all degrees of genius from the cross-roads scribbler to Sir Walter Scott and Washington Irving. The reasons for putting a book before the public under a pseudonym may be because of a fear that critic and public will roughly handle the first attempts of an obscure author. The history of literature shows that the best judges have often been deceived in their opinions on a new composition, and young writers recall the reception offered to Carleton's best pieces in "Farm Ballads," holding a latent belief that theirs may turn out so fortunate.

Another idea among writers is that the anonymous work piques curiosity and raises speculation, thereby bringing the book prominently before the public. Most of the great novels were written under noms de plumes. Irving's first efforts appeared under the name of Knickerbocker, and the novels of Sir Walter Scott created the greatest discussion by being signed "By the Author of Waverly." Humorists use a name that is in itself a jest, such as Pertroleum V. Nasby by Locke, Josh Billings by Shaw, Artemus Ward, "manager of wax figures," by Browne; Mark Twain by the irresistible Clemens, Uncle Remus by the southern negro dialect author Harris, and the recently known to fame Orpheus C. Ker (office-seeker) by the funny writer Newell.

Had the author of the Junius letters made known his identity, the many books written and warm discussions argued would never have been put forth to discover the authorship of the famous classic. Benjamin Franklin's entrance into print was made anonymously. The men in the printing office where he was serving as an apprentice were accustomed to put in short articles in the paper, and the comments they made on one another aroused him to a feeling of emulation. Very carefully writing an article in a disguised hand, he slipped it in under the door of The New England Courant, which paper his brother printed, and awaited the next morning.

"They read it and commented upon it in my hearing," says Franklin, "and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding that it met their approbation, and that in their different guesses at the author, none were named but some character among us for learning and ingenuity." Artemus Ward was another printer's devil whose first appearance in public print was by slyly slipping in a contribution into the editorial box. After joyfully seeing it accepted and set up in type he went up and down the streets, and, as he said; "I thought I was the greatest man in Boston." No such feeling of happy emotion has ever been experienced by any great writer as the appearance in print of the first poem or story, written generally anonymously.

The late finding of "Mr. Charles Egbert Craddock," the now famous author of "In the Tennessee Mountains" and "Where the Battle Was Fought," to be a woman, recalls to mind a similar instance of mistaken sex in an anonymous writer. When Charlotte Bronte appeared at the house of the publishing firm that had accepted and printed "Jane Eyre," and announced herself as its author, she was met with incredulity, and witnesses had to be brought in to prove that Currer Bell and Charlotte Bronte were one.

Dickens wrote his first articles for the London papers under the pseudonym of Boz. Everybody in Boston knew the author of the Bigelow papers, but James Russell Lowell was known more widely as Bigelow than he was as the poet. Thousands who have been charmed with the graceful English of George William Curtis know him only as "Easy Chair." Eli Perkins is another name for Melville D. Landon; Labouchere, the London editor, formerly signed many of his articles "Besieged Resident;" C. C. Coffin, the war correspondent, wrote his picturesque war papers and juvenile books with the nom de plume of Carleton.

Scientific Study of Firedamp.

[Chicago Times.]

From experiments carried on by the French commission for the scientific study of firedamp, it is found that the most violent explosion takes place when there are thirteen parts of air to 100 of firedamp, and that above or below this the explosion diminishes in violence. When the mixture is below seven parts in 100, or above eighteen in 100 the gas simply burns with its characteristic blue flame. The singing noise often heard in mines is ascribed to the escape of gas from many minute cavities, while it must exist in some places in vast quantities, as is witnessed by its use for illuminating purposes.

Baby Humor.

[Through Mail.]

A little girl down on Locust street made some fun for the neighbors recently. She saw a rabbit run across the back yard, and called:

"Oh, mamma! mamma!"

"What is it, dear?"

"Tum hea awfy quick."

"Why, darling, what is the matter?"

"Dea am a 'ittle dog wifout a handle on hem."

Anglers Will Take Notice.

[Chicago Herald.]

In Switzerland the highest point attained by fishes, according to M. V. Fatio, is that of the minnow, which ascends 7,800 feet above the sea level. With the exception of the perch, which reaches 6,500 feet, and one or two others, 2,000 feet is the limit of the ascension.

Big Business.

There is one express company in America which has 5,000 officers, ships goods daily over 40,000 miles of railroad by lightning express, and sends a package 1,000 miles for 25 cents.

Celluloid collars, it is declared, produce sores on the neck and blood-poisoning.